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the *lauzada*, which, entering his breast with a noise which none could hear without a shudder, and breaking bones and sinews in its passage, came out again towards the reins. The shock was so severe that the animal, stumbling back some paces, carried with it this tree trunk, which was run through it as a skewer is sometimes through the neck of a dead hare. It was all that it could do to remain, even for a moment, on its legs. It did manage to stand, however, for some seconds, stupid, stunned, trembling, and covered with blood and sweat. One then could see some vague tints of opal pass across its eyes, which naturally were of the colour of lapis lazuli; it opened its mouth to bellow, but could only utter a last groan, and, vomiting a flood of crimson blood, it fell upon the floor of the arena, and never rose from it again alive.

The enthusiasm of the assembly at this moment knew no bounds. People clapped, and stamped, and waved their handkerchiefs and hats in the air, for a whole quarter of an hour. Never before or since have I been witness—and I participated in many of the scenes of the Revolution of 1848—of so wild or so general an intoxication of enthusiasm; and even I myself, painful to my feelings as had been all that I had witnessed, found myself plunged into a strange state of excitement.

I had not yet recovered from the painful impression which this scene produced on me, when another powerful emotion came to succeed the one with which I was then agitated. A group of men, over imprudent and over curious,—and among them were several of the poor chasseurs whose manoeuvres had served as a prelude to the courses,—had scaled the fragile roof which shaded a small portion of the amphitheatre. This frail rampart of plaster was unable to sustain for long so great a mass of human beings, and it fell with a loud crash, carrying with it the unfortunate victims of an excess of curiosity. The cry of *trembler* was then raised immediately, the fear of earthquake always hanging heavily over the gayest hours of the—in that respect—unfortunate Limenians. This time, as we have seen, the alarm was happily a false one; and, as soon as the first surprise was dissipated, people began to look about them. Calm was soon re-established in the part of the theatre which remained intact, but on the other side every countenance wore an aspect of dolorous agitation. The evil, great as it was, was far from being equal to the effect which was produced by it. Twenty or thirty square feet of the roof had fallen in, letting fall an avalanche of human beings. Among the unfortunate inquisitives who were thus precipitated, a small number had received some grievous wounds; the remainder, however, had clung to the reeds and laths, and descended, rather than fallen, upon the spectators seated below, causing them to utter loud screams and imagine themselves about to perish, without either hurting themselves or causing hurt to others. Thanks to the promptitude of the succours which were rendered, order was soon restored, the wounded were transported from the arena, and the frightened spectators re-assured and quieted. A thousand voices began shouting at their highest pitch, *signa la fiesta! signa la fiesta!* (go on with the amusements!) and the shout was accompanied with a perfect hurricane of claps. It would have perhaps been imprudent to have resisted the desire of so large and so highly excited an assemblage, and the president, who was just going out, acceded to the popular request. He went away himself, but gave orders for the sports to be continued. People had soon forgotten the deplorable interlude which had so unexpectedly been played before them, and the arena quickly recovered all its interest. Two men, during the courses which then succeeded, received mortal wounds; several horses were put *hors de combat*; and three more bulls were tortured before our eyes. When I quitted the circus it was nearly sunset, but three bullocks yet remained to be sacrificed, out of the sixteen which had been promised by the programme. As I walked through the wide streets on my return, wearied out with fatigue, and a prey to a thousand powerful emotions, everything seemed crimson to my dazzled vision, and the cries of the circus were still ringing in my ears. I fancied I saw bloody shadows fitting along the façades of the buildings of

the city, which were gilded by the last rays of the setting sun; and it seemed to me that the Rimac had never before rushed with such wild fury over its rocky bed; but when driven to my own bed by a violent attack of neuralgia,* I found that all these were but false illusions, occasioned by the excitement produced in me by the scenes I had that day witnessed. All the night long, as I tossed feverishly about my couch, I heard the thundering noise of the circus, and its scenes of blood continued every moment, sleeping or waking, present to my vision.

“WE HEARD A SAGE.”

WE heard a sage of our England say,
“ She is strong by forge and loom,
But where will the soul of the elder day

In these trading times find room—
The soul that hath gotten our land renown
By the patriot’s sword and the martyr’s crown ?

“ Banner and battle flag are furl’d,
Glory and valour wane ;
We have come to the work-day of the world,
To the times of toil and gain.
The song and the symbol lose their hold ;
Our hands are strong, but our hearts are cold,
For faith has come to be bought and sold,—
It is only these that reign.

“ Our people’s sport and our children’s play
They have sounds from shop and school,
And ever the sound of youth grows grey
With the Reckoner and the Rule.
With the husks of knowledge dry and dead,
With the strife for gold and the cry for bread.

“ There are wealth and work in our crowded marts,
There is speed in our hurrying ways,
But men must seek the craftsman’s arts
For the story of these days.
Pencil and pen and lyre are brought
To the engine’s haste and the trader’s thought ;
For life with the din of wheels is fraught,
And again the iron sways.”

So that half-scor spake,—and more
Had said, but one who pass’d
The twilight-stand of his narrow lôre
Replied—“ Look forth at last,
From thy bounded school and thy trusted page,
On the breadth of thy land’s brave heritage !—

“ It is rich with glorious victories
O’er the old material powers,—
The Titan gods that from eldest days
Have warred with us and ours.
It hath conquered the might of time and space,
It hath broken the bars of clime and race,
It hath won for our human freedom place
From life’s dusty wants and dowers.

“ Great hearts of old by the Druid’s tree
In the towers with ivy green
Have pined away in the wish to see
The things that we have seen.
Yet never had England nobler scope
For the martyr’s faith or the patriot’s hope.

“ Her march is swift but the way is far
To the goal where the conflicts cease :
For wide is the search and long the war
That must work the world’s release.
But strength and cheer to the humblest hand,
To the feeblest step in the van-ward band
Who have won such conquests for our land
In the battle-fields of peace !”

FRANCES BROWN.

* Pain in the nerves.